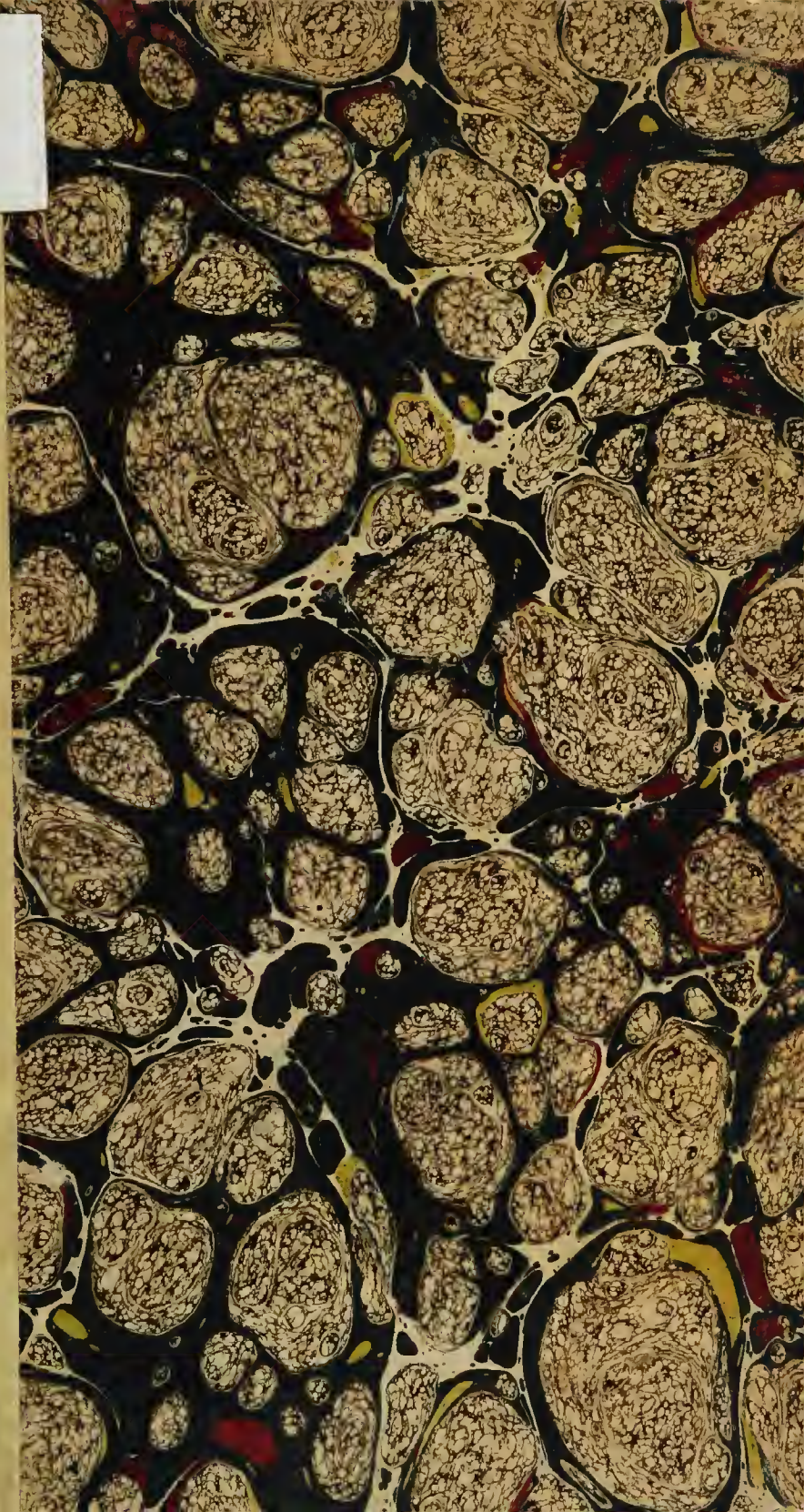


Commemoration of the Ordination of John M. Whitton.  
1808 — 1908

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COMMEMORATION  
OF THE  
ORDINATION  
OF  
JOHN MILTON WHITON  
TO THE MINISTRY OF  
THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH  
IN  
ANTRIM, N. H.



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WITH THE COMPLIMENTS OF  
THE FAMILY

*ask to*  
*14/5/09* *Rev. Jas. M. Whiston*  
*28, W 128<sup>th</sup> St. N.Y.*

1808

1908

COMMEMORATION

OF THE

ORDINATION

OF

JOHN MILTON WHITON

TO THE MINISTRY OF

THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH

IN

ANTRIM, N. H.

PRINTED FOR THE FAMILY

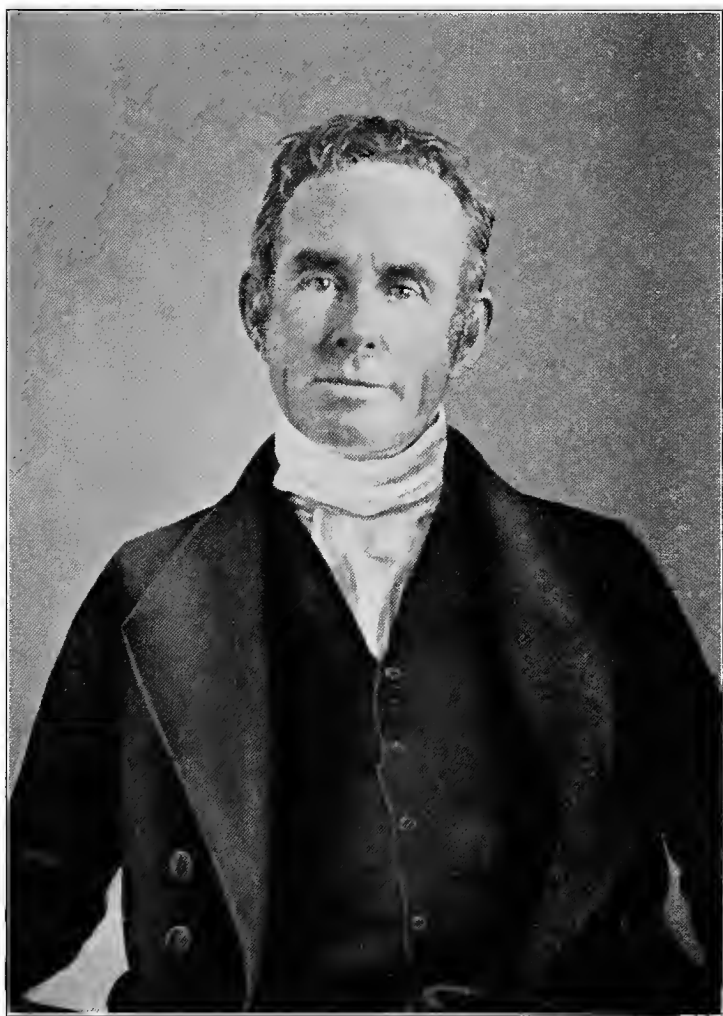
1908

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DR. JOHN MILTON WHITON  
FROM A DAGUERRETYPE, ABOUT 1843.

THE REVEREND JOHN MILTON WHITON, D. D., born in 1785, deceased in 1856, was ordained in 1808 to the ministry in the Presbyterian Church of Antrim, New Hampshire, in which he continued to the end of 1852. The Church, organized in 1788, had been able before Mr. Whiton's coming to secure a settled ministry for but four years—1800–1804. Since his coming its history for a full century has been the history of but three successive pastorates. As the fortunate century neared its close, it seemed that its beginning was worthy of commemoration. On conference between the Committee, appointed for the observance of Old Home Week in Antrim in the summer of 1908, and the descendants of Dr. Whiton, it appeared that they were of one mind regarding this. It was also agreed that Old Home Week was a far more convenient time for such a commemoration than the precise anniversary day six weeks later, September 28. A circular note accordingly sent out to the family drew twenty-three to attend the commemoration—one representative of the first generation, ten of the second, eleven of the third, and one of the fourth. They resolved that the following record of their proceedings should be preserved, not only for absent kindred, but especially for the generations to come.



## COMMEMORATIVE SERVICES

*AUGUST 16, 1908*

### MORNING

About nine oclock on Sunday morning, Maplewood Cemetery, half a mile northward from South Village, was visited by the entire party accompanied by a few near friends in Antrim. Here are the graves of Dr. and Mrs. Whiton, and of members of four of the six families of their descendants. These had been decorated with bouquets and wreaths. After some time spent in visiting and viewing each, a brief prayer was offered and benediction pronounced by the Rev. W. R. Cochrane, D. D., forty years the pastor of the Presbyterian Church. The company, standing in a circle, sang one stanza of

"Blest be the tie that binds,"

and returned to attend the service at the Presbyterian Church. This is its third house of worship, the first having been erected on the hill-top at the Center, and the second on the hill-side at the Center on the road around the hill.

The audience-room had been beautifully and abundantly decorated by Antrim friends with the tribute of garden and field. Mrs. Willis D. Thompson of Concord, a grand-daughter of Dr. Whiton, presided at the organ. The choir was composed mainly of his descendants, as follows: Mrs. Katharine Duncan Paine, Marion D. Paine, Horace Whiton Paine, Mary Whiton Calkins, Grosvenor Calkins, Esq., Mrs. Abbie Richards Woodbury, Margaret Woodbury, Helen D. Richards, Marie L. Richards, Helen F. Woodworth, and Catherine E. Smith. They were assisted by Mr. Charles W. Prentiss and Mr. Louis H. Carpenter of Antrim.

The service was conducted by the Rev. Charles H. Richards, D. D., of New York, a grandson of Dr. Whiton. It opened with an organ prelude, followed by the doxology. The Rev. Alba M. Markey of the Methodist Church offered the prayer of invocation, and the choir sang an anthem by Dudley Buck.

Responsive reading from the Psalter, closing with the "Gloria Patri," followed. The Scripture lesson then was read by the Rev. William Hurlin, formerly pastor of the Baptist church in Antrim, ninety-six years of age, as clear of voice and keen of sight as when thirty years younger. A tender and impressive prayer was offered by the Rev. W. R. Cochrane, D.D. An offertory solo upon the violin, Schumann's "Abendlied," was rendered by Miss Marie L. Richards, accompanied on the piano by Mrs. Abbie Richards Woodbury, the latter a grand-daughter, the former a great-grand-daughter of Dr. Whiton. The choir and congregation then sang the following hymn, by the Rev. James Morris Whiton, Ph. D., of New York, a grandson of Dr. Whiton.

### THE PRAYER OF ST. PAUL.

Ephesians iii. 14-21.

Father, to Thee we bow;  
Father of Christ art Thou,  
Father of all.

In Thee we live and move:  
Thy family of love  
Is one—below, above;  
Thou, All in all.

Thy rich and glorious grace  
Gird all our struggling days  
With holy power;  
That so Thy Spirit's might,  
Filling our souls with light,  
May lift to cloudless height  
Each o'ercast hour.

In us may faith enshrine  
Thy Christ—his cross our sign,  
His love our root;  
That power to apprehend  
The love which knows no end  
From strength to strength may tend  
With holy fruit.

We with all saints would know  
The utmost Thou wouldst show  
In Christ our Lord:  
All lower longings stilled,  
From him would we be filled  
Full as Thy grace hath willed,  
Fullness of God.

To Thee, who more canst bless  
Than prayers of thoughts express  
    With power divine,  
Thy Church in Christ doth raise  
Her filial hymn of praise:  
Through everlasting days  
    All glory Thine.

[Reprinted from *The Outlook*.]

The commemorative sermon was preached by the Rev. Charles H. Richards, D. D., of New York, Secretary of the Congregational Church Building Society.

#### SERMON

"The armies which are in heaven followed him."—*Revelation* xix. 14.

The closing book of our Bible is of extraordinary interest. It is a great dramatic poem, like the "Paradise Lost" of Milton, or like Dante's immortal Trilogy, setting forth the tragic conflict between good and evil in God's universe. It is a brilliant and splendid allegory, like that of the great dreamer of Bedford jail; only Bunyan depicted the typical experience of a single soul on its heavenward journey; while the Apostle pictures the experience of humanity, battling its way upward and onward toward the New Jerusalem.

It is a great, glowing panorama of spiritual experience rather than of political or ecclesiastical history. Its great scenic symbols, picturesque, and sometimes grotesque, represent the universal facts of spiritual life, as men find themselves caught into the swirl of that tempestuous struggle which is always going on between right and wrong.

Written in the first century, the characters and events of that very period furnished the writer with abundant illustrations with which to set forth the drama of the moral life. Nero, and Galba, and Vespasian; Rome, and Jerusalem; famine, such as brought the Holy City to the horror of murder and cannibalism; pestilence, such as swept to death 30,000 persons in a single year of Nero's reign; martyrdoms, such as seemed to fill the world with crosses, provided abundant material for the poet's use.

Doubtless it seemed to this fiery-hearted "son of thunder" that the condition of the world in his day demanded such a prophetic song of struggle and victory as he wove out of these

elements. Truth seemed hopelessly crushed to earth; iniquity was crowned and regnant. Incarnate Love had been slain on Calvary; incarnate selfishness sat enthroned in Rome. Everywhere sin ran riot with unspeakable cruelties and sensuality.

Was it to be forever so? No. The writer of this prophetic poem was sure that, weak as goodness might seem, it would be victorious at last. Impotent as Christianity might appear, compared with the beasts and dragons that filled the world with their shameless iniquities, it would fight its way to universal conquest, and would finally fill the world with the purity and peace of heaven. His heart was kindled with a splendid Christian optimism, such as our own Lowell had when he sang,

"Right forever on the scaffold;  
Wrong forever on the throne;  
Yet that scaffold sways the future,  
And, behind the dim unknown,  
Standeth God within the shadow,  
Keeping watch above his own."

So, as Michael Angelo filled the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel with his magnificent frescoes, exhibiting the progress of human history, from the creation onward to the tragic sequel of the Last Judgment, this inspired artist depicted on these glowing pages with masterly power the scenes that mark the steady moral advances of our race, till in his vision it reaches the glorious consummation for which God planned it.

The great drama opens with a resplendent picture of him, who is not only the overshadowing hero of human history, but the conquering Chieftain of the whole moral universe, the Son of God and Prince of Life. He walks amid the golden candlesticks. He sends messages to the Seven Churches, like a great general sending orders to the divisions of his grand army.

The scene changes. We see heaven opened, and behold the Ancient of Days upon the Great White Throne, and the host of the immortals bowing in reverent homage before him. The seven-sealed Book is brought; and when it is asked, Who is worthy or able to open the Book? the same Prince of Glory, the Lamb of God, steps forth as alone able to interpret the mysteries of life, and solve the problem of human destiny.



Another change follows. The harmonies of heaven are marred by the jangling discord of lives that defy God, refusing to conform to his eternal laws of life. The selfish and headstrong, who think they can outwit infinite wisdom, rise in rebellion against him whose eternal order of things was framed in infinite love. Scenes of wild disorder ensue. A beast rises out of the sea, and another beast out of the land, eager to dethrone God, and drag men down into the abyss of sensuality and shame. A dragon rises up to fiercely fight against the powers of truth and goodness.

But One mightier than they enters the lists against them, and rides forth dauntless, determined and invincible. His name is "Faithful and True"; he is called "The Word of God;" on his vesture is written yet another title, "King of kings, and Lord of lords." He is the same Prince of Glory whom we saw in the earlier chapters. He calls for recruits, and "the armies that are in heaven follow him." After him come trooping the innumerable and ever increasing hosts of those who are pledged to goodness, eager to overthrow evil in the world. They trust that Great Leader implicitly. They will follow wherever he bids, and fight as long as he commands, certain that the victory will be his in time. For goodness is the triumphant element in life; evil is doomed to ultimate and overwhelming defeat.

So in the shifting scenes of John's vision we see that the Battle of the Ages is on. Good and evil are met in the shock of deadly combat. We hear the clash and crash of the furious Armageddon. We watch the armies of selfishness and greed as they follow the dragon and the beast, and hurl themselves against the armies of love which follow the "Faithful and True" as he leads them into the thick of the fight. It is a long, hard fight. The devil is a shrewd and desperate campaigner.

But the battle ends at last just as we should expect. The Prince of Glory drives all enemies from the field. And the last entrancing picture is of the New Jerusalem descending from heaven to the earth, a city of God in a new social order here below, which is the very image and replica of the glorious city above.

Now the important thing for us to remember is that this apocalyptic vision is not the picture of something that is to occur in some distant future. It is the rapt and radiant vision of a dramatic experience now in mid-process. It is an

age-long conflict. It is *now* that the great battle is being fought out between the dragon and the Lamb. It is *now* that the armies of good and evil are lined up against each other, one side fighting to make earth a hell, the other, a heaven. It is *now* that men are deciding which side they will be on, whether they will fight under the pirate flag of selfishness and follow the beast, or whether they will march under the red cross banner of love and follow the Lamb. This is a question each one of us is deciding to-day by our conduct, as we help to make the world better or worse.

When one wakes up to the fact that this question is right before him, and must be settled, it is the crisis of his life. It is the turning point of character. It is the most pivotal moment of his life. If he decides in this crisis to give himself to goodness, and to follow the "Faithful and True" in this great battle for the right, and to do his utmost to make earth a heaven, we call his choice conversion.

Armageddon is here. We hear the battle shout of the contending hosts, and the Great Captain calls all the loyal and true-hearted to join his ranks, and help win the victory for the better life. "Who follows in his train?"

Not they alone who make a mere profession of their faith; nor they who slavishly imitate Jesus in the externals of his life. They follow the Great Leader in this holy warfare, who walk after him in his way of life, who cherish his thoughts, desires, and purposes, who govern their conduct by his principles, exhibit his spirit, and do their best to get his ideals realized in all social and civic life.

As the living presence of the Nazarene was a dynamic which began a marvelous transformation, so just being Christ-like strikes telling blows for the Kingdom of Heaven. To be like Christ in his sincerity and transparent genuineness, in his devotion to truth, all of which is a part of his Kingdom, in his passion for righteousness, in his true-hearted sympathy, in his spirit of brotherhood with all men, and in his self-sacrifice for the sake of service, creates a moral force which fights against shams, and falsehoods, and wrongs, and all the demon hosts of selfishness. Just being that sort of man helps to drive the dragon and the beast out of human life, as the light, simply by shining, drives darkness from the earth.

And when, in addition, such an one puts the whole force of his life into intense and persistent effort to give Christ vic-

torious sway in all the hearts and homes of earth; when by word and deed, by teaching and by leadership, he does all he can do, not only to win disciples, but to get the principles and the spirit of Christ incorporated into laws and customs, and into the very warp and woof of communities and nations, he is a follower of the Great Leader worthy of a crown of glory in the final victory.

Such a true knight of the Cross was John Milton Whiton, the centennial of whose ordination as pastor of this church we are here to observe to-day. He had heard the call of the Son of God as he went forth to war against the powers of evil, and he followed in his train. In common with a multitude of Christian leaders who made their names illustrious for splendid service, and whose story fires the heart, he also had enlisted to fight against the forces of darkness, and to do his part to make this world the Kingdom of Heaven. With an ancestry in this country dating back almost to the time of the Pilgrims, he was a loyal representative of Puritan ideals and principles. The son of a surgeon in the Revolutionary army who with his four brothers fought at the rail fence with General Putnam at Bunker Hill, and the son-in-law of a captain who led his troops at Yorktown in the charge that gave us the final victory, he was a good soldier of the King of kings. His Armageddon was right here in Antrim; here he rallied the Christian hosts pledged to goodness and to God, and wherever he saw a wrong he struck boldly at it with the weapons of the Gospel warfare. Of calm, judicial temperament, benignant and gracious in bearing, loving the shepherd's crook more than the warrior's sword, he was preeminently a man of peace; but he had a passion for righteousness as his Master had, and he boldly fought everything that threatened the Kingdom.

None here can remember the day, a century ago, when the young minister of twenty-three, fresh from his studies at Yale under Dr. Dwight, supplemented by a year of teaching, and a year or two of reading with learned divines, rode into this town with his beautiful young bride. They had come across country in their own chaise from Litchfield, Connecticut, a journey as adventurous and to a goal as remote in point of time, as to-day from New York to Seattle. It was the age of homespun, but no one remembers now how the gude-wives criticized the bride's fine gowns, or the sturdy Scotch-Irish

farmers commented on the logic of the youthful sermons. But the brave young couple steadily won their way into the hearts of all the people. Goodness, wisdom, learning, and tact shone in their character, and gave them increasing power over the people of the town. They built themselves into the very life of the community, directing its progress, moulding its youth, helping men and women toward Christ's ideal. And so they were beacons of the better life, and fought darkness out of the community by their shining lives, just as the morning sunlight drives the shadows of night from the face of the earth.

Dr. Whiton's pulpit was his throne. His strong, scholarly, sensible sermons carried his congregations with him. Not by brilliant rhetoric, nor by dazzling splendor of style, but by broad-minded views, convincing logic, and manifest loyalty to truth did he gain intellectual and spiritual mastery over his people, which made them willing followers of his leadership for forty-four years. His words were as "nails fastened by the master of assemblies," and he clinched them by loving and sympathetic pastoral visits. Here he trained two generations to loyal service of the King of kings.

Not only was he a power for good in this church and town for nearly a half-century, but his inspiring example and wise words were potent in influence through a wide region. The Presbytery, the churches, the councils and associations of a wide circle welcomed the presence of Dr. Whiton, and rejoiced in his sagacious advice. He illustrated the fact that the country minister, moulding the characters and inspiring the lives of hundreds of young people who go forth to become teachers, preachers, lawyers, doctors, statesmen, missionaries, and good citizens at home and abroad, wins great victories for the Kingdom of Heaven as truly as though he shone in some conspicuous city pulpit. And the country church to which he ministers may be a fountain of untold blessing, pouring forth streams of gracious influence toward every part of the world, as its children go out from it to do valiant service for the right.

If the church-life of those old days was admirable, not less so was the *home-life* of those whom we commemorate to-day. It was a plain home, in a roomy and comfortable house, ungarnished with the decorations which are regarded as important by so many to-day; but it was the abode of culture, piety and good cheer. It was a happy home, because six

children—two boys and four girls—came to make its big rooms vocal with laughter and song. Sometimes they sang tunes which Dr. Whiton composed, for he was somewhat of a musician, as well as a historian and a theologian. And while the dignity and decorum of the pastor's home was never forgotten, the father and mother with their keen sense of humor joined in the good times of their children with hearty zest. It was a deeply religious home, too, and daily the father gathered his family about him, and after a lesson from the oracles of God stood up, and lifting his open eyes to the Heavenly Father, invoked upon his little flock of the home, and his larger flock of the parish, the blessing of Almighty God. Such a home had a beneficent influence in the community hardly less than the pulpit.

To that young pastor and his wife, who just a hundred years ago established the home, and set up the family altar here, one hundred and twenty-four descendants have been born, of whom eighty-two are still living. Dr. and Mrs. Whiton and their immediate children are gone to the

"Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood,  
Where saints immortal reign;"

but of their children's children and grand-children more than fourscore remain to honor the memory and perpetuate the influence of that noble man and woman. We recall with gratitude and admiration the lofty courage, the heroic faith, the saintly spirit, and the widely useful work of this pastor and his wife. Not because of world-resounding fame do we honor them; but we can say with Cowper:

"My boast is not that I deduce my birth  
From loins enthroned, or nobles of the earth;  
But higher far my proud pretensions rise—  
The child of parents past into the skies."

So wrought for nearly a half-century here this faithful soldier of the Cross, and passed on to his coronation.

"The knights are dust,  
Their swords are rust,  
Their souls are with the saints, we trust."

They are gone to their eternal home above, but we are here, their descendants, and the descendants of those whom they taught and trained here. It is for us to show a like love and

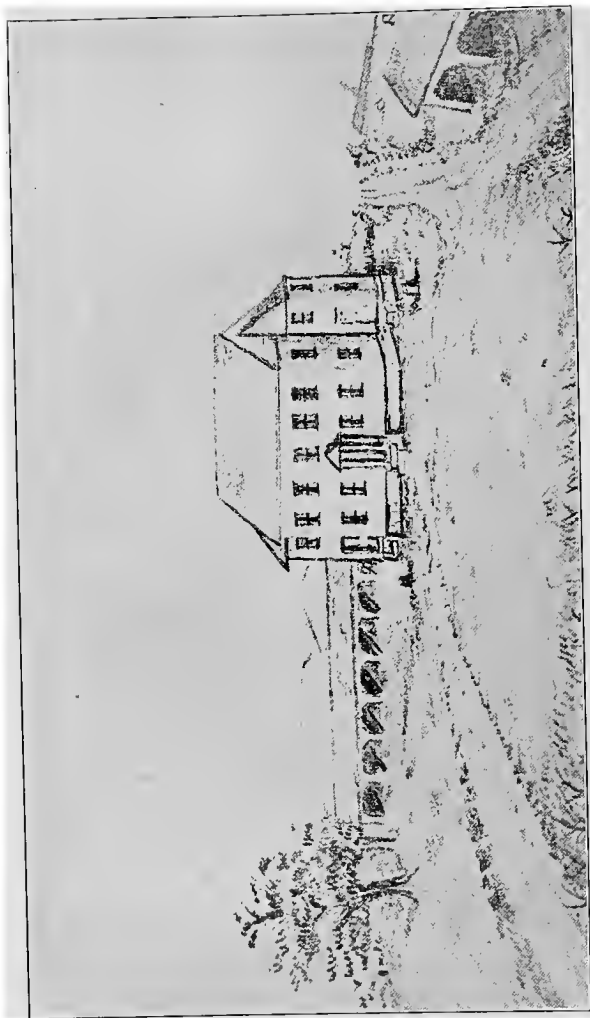
loyalty to him who summons us to follow him in the age-long warfare against the powers of evil. It is for us to show in character and life the qualities of our Master, and by faithful example, by flaming word, and by forceful deeds, to do all we can to bring Christ's ideal of a Kingdom of Heaven on earth to full realization. So shall we live worthily of those who have gone before and so may we at last share their coronation.

At the conclusion of the sermon, the choir and congregation united in singing,

“How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,  
Is laid for your faith in his excellent Word.”

The benediction was then pronounced by the Rev. W. R. Cochrane, D. D.





THE FIRST MEETING HOUSE, 1795--1826.

FROM A DRAWING ABOUT 1879

REMOVED AND RECONSTRUCTED INTO THE TOWN HOUSE 1832.



## AFTERNOON

The summit of Meeting-House Hill, about 1250 feet above the sea-level, is fully two miles from the South Village, where the Presbyterian, Baptist, and Methodist churches are congregated. The last half-mile is a sharp ascent to a height of about 450 feet above the Village, much of it over an abandoned and difficult road, which had been repaired for the occasion. A congregation of fully five hundred from all parts of the town assembled at the site of the old Meeting-House, now marked by a massive boulder bearing a memorial tablet placed by the Antrim Improvement Society. A suitable platform was formed by a large four-wheeled truck, on which stood a reading desk loaned by the Congregational church, and just behind it was the old burial ground. As on a memorable occasion in the Holy Land, "there was much grass in the place." On this the congregation drew together within the line of vehicles—settees and chairs accommodating many. It was a picturesque scene, bounded in the distance by the valley and its mountain rim.

The doxology having been sung—Messrs. Morris E. Nay and Charles F. Butterfield, of Antrim, generously leading on the cornet all the singing in this service—the Scripture lesson was read by Mr. John M. Whiton, of Plainfield, N. J., from Psalm cxxv, Ephesians iii. 14—iv. 14. Prayer was offered by Dr. Charles H. Richards, and the familiar hymn,

"Come, Thou Almighty King,"

was sung. The call given to Dr. Whiton by the town in 1808 was then read by Mr. John M. Whiton, and likewise the letter of dismission from the Congregational church in Winchendon, Mass., granted that year to the incoming pastor—each from its original manuscript. These interesting papers are reproduced in the appendix to this record.

Fitly introducing the commemorative address, Dr. W. R. Cochrane followed with the historical resumé here given of the mostly pastorless period of the church from its organization to the installation of Mr. Whiton.

## HISTORICAL INTRODUCTION

I have been asked to make some historical statement at this time as basis for other remarks and services. On this spot, as marked by the Antrim Improvement Society, the first church building of the town of Antrim was erected in 1785. Here the Presbyterian Church was organized August 2, 1788, with seventy-two members. The first minister was the Rev. Walter Little, who was born in Peterborough, 1766, graduated at Dartmouth College, 1796, ordained in Antrim September 3, 1800, resigned, September, 1804, died in 1815. Mr. Little somehow did not get the hearts of the people, and would not stay. The Rev. John M. Whiton came here in July, 1807, when only twenty-two years of age. September 21, 1807, the town of Antrim, in public town meeting, voted him a call—which he declined. May 8, 1808, this call was renewed by public vote of the town, and was accepted. They offered him a salary of \$450 per year, and a "settlement" of \$500 down—\$25 per year to be paid back, if he should leave inside of twenty years, as the preceding minister had done, except in case of sickness or death (\$25 for every year lacking of the twenty). \$450 was considered a large salary for those times in this section of the country; money being worth much more than now.\* Mr. Whiton was settled in September, 1808, and was pastor a little more than forty-four years. Resigning in May, 1852, he was dismissed by Presbytery, meeting in Antrim October 27, 1852—dismissal to take effect January 1, 1853. An eminently prudent and judicious man was he, always and everywhere a peace-maker. May we and those who succeed us be enabled to live as heroically and die as worthy and noble as our fathers and mothers, whose bodies rest in this lofty and hallowed ground.

Before the singing of the next hymn, these reasons for its selection were stated:

(1) It is pertinent to the occasion, being based on Jesus' reply to the Samaritan woman, whose saying, "Our fathers worshiped in this mountain," was the text of the last sermon on this hill-top: (2) It "is the earliest really great hymn I have found by an American writer," is the judgment pronounced by an eminent hymnologist, the Rev. W. Garrett Horder, of

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\*Mr. Whiton generously relinquished a portion of the sums voted him.

London, in his "Treasury of American Sacred Song:" (3)  
It was written by John Pierpont, an early friend of the bride  
who was brought to Antrim in 1808 by the young pastor.

This hymn is here fitly reproduced entire:

O Thou, to whom in ancient time  
The lyre of Hebrew bards was strung,  
Whom kings adored in songs sublime,  
And prophets praised with glowing tongue.

Not now on Zion's height alone  
Thy favored worshipers may dwell,  
Nor where at sultry noon Thy Son  
Sat weary by the patriarch's well.

From every place below the skies  
The grateful song, the fervent prayer,  
The incense of the heart, may rise  
To heaven, and find acceptance there.

To Thee shall age with snowy hair,  
And strength and beauty bend the knee,  
And childhood lisp with reverent air  
Its praises and its prayers to Thee.

O Thou, to whom in ancient time  
The lyre of prophet-bards was strung,  
To Thee at last in every clime  
Shall temples rise, and praise be sung.

After the hymn the commemorative address was given by  
Dr. James M. Whiton, of the editorial staff of *The Outlook*.

#### ADDRESS

Citizens of Antrim: Most fitting it is that a commemorative address on this hallowed and historic ground should be given by no stranger, but by one closely linked with you in the past on which you look back with reverence and public honor. I own myself closely bound to you by the associations of many years. Here my father was born. Hither was I brought by my parents in infancy. Here during many summers in my boyhood my grandfather taught me the names of all your hills, and of all the trees in your woods. I drove the cows to and from pasture like any Antrim boy, I worked the churn, weeded the garden, turned the crank of the washing machine, and sat with my grandmother in the big square pew at the foot of the stairs that led up to the high pulpit. As a man I brought

my wife and children back to the old home summer after summer, and we gathered dust from every road in town. Permit these personal references. I make them only that you may regard me as no stranger, but as an adopted, though not a native, son of Antrim.

And now that a worshipping assembly after more than seventy years has again met near yon ancient graves, the words that press for first utterance are the words which introduced the last discourse in the primitive house that once stood here: "*Our fathers worshiped in this mountain.*" With these words of remembrance our grandparents were about to quit the ground hallowed by the worship of but barely more than a single generation. Returning hither after the lapse of two generations more, we their grandchildren repeat them with reverence, if possible, more profound, while we look hence upon the near-by site to which they removed their shrine, and where for nearly twice the time they had worshiped on the summit continued to worship on its adjacent slope. This ground is still "God's Acre," hallowed by the dust of those whose assembly on this summit a century ago we have gathered to commemorate. If it be as true as it is probable, that the screen between the world of mortals and the world of immortals—so opaque to sense—is transparent to spirit, may we not think of unseen lookers-on who once prayed here? May we not say with the poet,

"Still old affection hereward back is turning,  
And whispering words to us of joy and peace,  
And spiritual eyes are round us burning  
With holier love as heavenly powers increase."

A hundred years ago this summer preparations were going on for the inauguration of that permanently settled ministry which, through only three successive pastorates, Antrim, more fortunate than most towns, has since enjoyed for a century. Repeated disappointment in calls declined had given place to the gladness with which clear sunshine is hailed after a week of cloud and rain. A throng was anticipated to attend solemnities made especially attractive by the presence of eminent preachers. One so concludes from the fact that the Selectmen were instructed to see to the "propping" of the meeting-house steps. The throng came, "hundreds of stran-

gers," as well as of town-folk; and the population is said to have been larger then than seventy-five years afterwards. There was certainly room enough outside, if not in the meeting-house and on its steps. There were hospitable dwellings also near-by, long since removed, from whose big fire-places our grandmothers used to gather coals for their tin footwarmers—the only heating apparatus then available for wintry hours of worship. The throng came, but not as I have seen throngs coming to the old brick church, now gone like its predecessor here. Carriages and light wagons were far scarcer then than automobiles now. The men who rode up this hill that day came on horseback; the women, if not on horseback, behind them on pillions, just as the young pastor's bride three months later rode up from the South Village to her unfinished cottage half a mile below this ground.

Our present interest centers in the nucleus of that assembly—the four men who had attracted a gathering from Antrim and the region round about such as had never before or since till now been drawn together on this spot.

Then, as now, eminent preachers were sought for such occasions, and sometimes from far. On that day Doctor Samuel Austin, minister of the First Congregational Church of Worcester, Mass., preached the ordination sermon. Most of two days being then required for his seventy-mile journey, it was practically the same as for a journey to-day from the shore of Lake Michigan. Dr. Austin was for twenty-five years a Congregational pastor in Worcester, and afterwards president of the College of Vermont. Your pastor-elect had studied theology under him, and therefore he came to assist in his ordination.

As welcome as he, but no such stranger here, was the Rev. William Morison, afterward Dr. Morison, appointed by Presbytery to give the charge both to the pastor-elect and to the church and congregation. Mr. Morison was greatly beloved here, as well as in your sister church of Londonderry, where his pastorate of thirty-five years ended only at his death. His name is intimately linked with your history. As the commissioner of Presbytery he had organized this church, and in August, 1788, twenty years before the event we now commemorate, had here presided at the first celebration of the Lord's Supper in Antrim.

Likewise a man of note was the Rev. Ephraim P. Bradford, minister of your sister church in New Boston, who gave the right hand of fellowship in the name of the Presbytery to the pastor-elect. His pastorate of forty years in New Boston continued till his death in 1846, when the service performed here in 1808 was requited in the preaching of his funeral sermon by Mr. Whiton. Younger than the two men already named, he also attained distinction. During the celebrated controversy (1815-1819) over the charter of Dartmouth College he was one of a committee of three appointed by the Legislature to investigate, and was subsequently among those who were thought of as suitable candidates for the presidency of the College.

The youngest of the four, the pastor-elect, was naturally the focus of interest on that day, as now in its centennial commemoration. John Milton Whiton was born at Winchendon, Massachusetts, in 1785, and graduated at Yale in 1805. His ancestors had fought and suffered in defence of their homes a century before in King Philip's bloody struggle to exterminate the colonists. His father, Dr. Israel Whiton, had begun his long medical career in Washington's army at Boston and New York, and in the army hospital at Stamford, Conn. He himself in 1810, when war with England seemed imminent, was commissioned by Governor Langdon chaplain of the twenty-sixth regiment of New Hampshire militia, in which some Antrim men were enrolled. Originally intending to follow his father's profession, he had abandoned it for the Gospel ministry. It was before the day of theological seminaries in New England, but he had read theology under Dr. Shurtleff of Hanover, and Dr. Austin of Worcester, and was well qualified, according to the standard of that time, for the charge he here assumed, declined in the preceding year, and now accepted upon renewal of the call. His prior refusal was doubtless due to consciousness of then incomplete preparation. As he appeared before the council at the age of only twenty-three, he is described as having "an earnest, youthful face, with a crown of red hair." He too, as well as the men already named, was to make his mark upon his time.

Many ministers are ambitious of city pastorates—perhaps more often for educational advantages to their children than for any other reason. But in view of the fact that the city draws from the country the most adventurous and enterprising

of the farmer's boys, I doubt whether, in the long run, any position is more influential than that of the rural pastor, who distills into this ever flowing stream at its fountain head the influences that foster moral worth and Christian character. It could hardly be otherwise where, as in Antrim, the pastor was chairman of the school committee for nearly forty years, and the successive years and decades were continually adding to the living epistle of a gracious and noble life. Justly did Mr. A. H. Dunlap, of Nashua, a native of Antrim, say at the centennial of this town in 1877; "It is hardly possible to over-estimate the good influences that proceed from such a man as Dr. Whiton. His life and labors have been stamped upon the people of this town and their institutions." His impress, we should observe, was made upon many more than the number resident at any given date. From 1808 to 1852 this number varied little from an average of 1250 souls. From the settlement of the town to the close of his pastorate Dr. Whiton estimated that between 4000 and 5000 persons had for various periods made Antrim their home, of whom over 1000 had died, and 400 families had removed. Because of such constant emigration this entire State had not doubled in 1900 the population it had in 1810. The church also, which numbered 125 in 1808, numbered in 1852 no more than 153. All who had dwelt here during the forty-four years of his pastorate had felt in varying measure the influence of a life which Professor Cyrus Baldwin, of Meriden, thus characterized in 1877: "His life was a gospel of peace to all who were acquainted with him. His very presence would keep in abeyance the most turbulent elements. He was respected even to veneration by those who affected to disbelieve his teachings." He was preeminently a peace-maker. Naturally, he once said in heart to heart intimacy, his temper was hasty and choleric, but he had labored to keep it under control. Some still survive who remember how this self-control was reflected in his habit of speaking always in a mild while earnest tone with measured, deliberate utterance, and with a seriousness often lighted up with genial humor. Men therefore sought to him as a reconciler, and the churches of this whole region felt his influence as such. Professor Baldwin said: "Ecclesiastical bodies regarded it as an auspicious omen in all questions of difficulty if the services of Dr. Whiton could be secured as moderator."

Such was the rare spirit which for nearly half a century made Antrim Center a center of increasing light in this region by its illustration of the good pastor, as Chaucer in the 15th century had depicted him:

“Cristes lore and his apostles twelve  
He taughte, but first he folwed it himselve.”

Yet this in such humility that on his dying bed he said to his eldest son: “It is my desire that the habitual frame of my spirit, in contrasting my work with my obligations, may be, ‘God be merciful to me a sinner.’ ”

The effects resulting from what a man is can at best be but inadequately reported in a statistical record of things done. Yet these are not negligible. During Dr. Whiton’s pastorate 435 persons were added to the church membership, mostly on confession of faith—an average, if the more and the less fruitful years are reckoned together, of about ten per year. During this period he had eighty students under his care in preparation either for the ministry, or for teaching, or for admission to colleges. His pen was busy in authorship. I found in the library of the British Museum a copy of his History of New Hampshire, published at Concord in 1834. His History of Antrim, in 1852, was dedicated to the citizens of Antrim as a token of affection at the end of his pastorate. The MS. of a history of his native town, Winchendon, left unfinished at his death, was purchased by that town, and incorporated with the published history by the Rev. A. P. Marion. Beside these works he had begun a History of Presbyterianism in New England. These scholarly additions to the exacting routine of daily duties were accomplished only by aid of the midnight oil, or candle, in the uninterrupted hours while his family and neighbors were asleep. Such activities spread their report themselves, and were honored afar, when Princeton conferred upon your pastor in 1848 the degree of doctor of divinity.

A burning and a shining light indeed, there was a less conspicuous but equally effective hand on which it depended, to which Mr. Dunlap, already quoted, bore witness at the town centennial. “Mr. Whiton,” said he, “had the rare good fortune of having for wife a lady who was almost an exact counterpart of himself in all those qualities that are lovely and of good report.” Abby Morris was born in 1783 at



Litchfield South Farms, now the town of Morris, Connecticut, in the sixth generation from the first planters of New Haven. Her father, James Morris, had served under Washington as a captain in the Connecticut line at Germantown and Yorktown; had established the Morris Academy, and was one of the early promoters of the American Board of Foreign Missions. Married three weeks after her husband's ordination, her exchange of Litchfield for Antrim—where there was not even a post-office till 1812—was like the exchange which some missionary brides to-day make in departing from a home of affluence and culture for a station on the frontier of the newly settled Northwest. In her writing I find this record for December 5, 1808: "I rode up to our house behind Mr. Whiton. Swept out house with a hemlock broom. Slept on a bed on the floor, where I could look out through crevices in the roof and see the stars." The fine dresses she would have worn in Connecticut she put aside as impossible in the Antrim of that day amidst neighbors who wore homespun, and were prone to imagine fine clothing the sign of uncongeniality. In this neighborly spirit, and as a staunch helpmeet to her husband, yet not without a few comic mishaps, she strove to naturalize herself in a community far unlike that in which she had been reared. She could have used the historic phrase, "I came, I saw, I conquered." Says Mr. Dunlap: "Her amiable and loving disposition attracted people toward her. She was the acknowledged head of every good work among the ladies of the parish. She did very much in her quiet way toward staying up the hands of her husband, and making him the honored instrument in the hands of God of conferring great blessings upon this people."

From this account of the principal persons immediately concerned with that day's proceedings our thoughts naturally turn to those proceedings, especially to their interesting differences from proceedings of the same sort to-day.

To-day such proceedings are exclusively in the hands of the church. Then it was the town, which gave the call, voted the salary, and appointed the committee to provide for the ordination. Yet it was none the less the church and congregation. It was the same body, whether acting in a civil or in an ecclesiastical affair. Church and State were one in the affairs of Antrim, as in the land whence their Scotch ancestors had come by way of Ireland. Time has changed all that. But

not while our fathers worshiped in this mountain. November 27, 1826, it was the town that voted discontinuance of the old house and removal to the new; also that Mr. Whiton should "preach an appropriate farewell sermon" in the old house in the forenoon, and should "take possession" of the new house in the afternoon. Not till ten years later did the town turn over its responsibility for the pastor's salary to the church and congregation. Certainly, the change was on the whole for the better.

I hold in my hand a copy, yellowed by a hundred years, of the sermon preached here by Dr. Austin in 1808 from John xx. 21: "*As my Father hath sent me, even so send I you,*" unfolding this appropriate theme—"The Gospel Minister Commissioned by Christ." A fine specimen of the old style Puritan sermon it is. First, the doctrine drawn from the text is set fourth in eight propositions; next comes "the improvement," enforcing five inferences from the preceding discussion; lastly, a personal application of the whole to the pastor-elect. Comprising upwards of 5200 words, it must have consumed most of an hour in delivery. Masterly according to the standards of that time, it no doubt served elsewhere on similar occasions.

In thought as well as in form the contrast between that day and this is conspicuous both in Dr. Austin's sermon, and in Dr. Morison's following charge to the people. In place of the old Calvinistic doctrine that mankind are by nature "creatures infinitely loathsome" to God, as here stated—a viper's brood, according to Calvin, has come Jesus' humane thought of God's Fatherhood of all. In 1881 the once famous Trinitarian proof-text about the three heavenly witnesses—"the Father, the Word, and the Holy Ghost"—was cut out of its place (1 John v. 7). It couldn't be found in any manuscripts older than the eighth century, and so the Revisers of the New Testament expunged it, not even placing a gravestone to its memory by a marginal note. So it is food for thought to find this sermon attacking objectors to that spurious text as "ingenious and learned cavillers." We have gotten bravely on since then in the studies which recover the real Bible, in spite of those who even to-day, like the preacher of that day, in fear of the possible facts denounce the scholars who discover them. We have also largely discarded Dr. Austin's conception of ministers of the gospel as "men of a



THE SECOND MEETING HOUSE.

A BRICK EDIFICE.

ERECTED 1826, REMOVED 1895-'96



sacred order"—a conception peculiar to the sacerdotal churches, and still cherished by some Protestants along with other rags of Romanism. The New Testament regards all faithful Christians—not the clergy only—as exercising a priestly office in the service of their fellow men.

But far deeper than these superficial contrasts in intellectual form and thought which this old record presents is its more vital character that can never become thus antiquated,—its high religious ideal of Christian manhood, its emphasis on the culture of character and conduct to the highest moral excellence. The great intellectual changes wrought by time demand insistence on the great unchanged obligation, to make the new learning as subservient to the highest spiritual interests as our fathers strove to make the old.

"Let knowledge grow from more to more,  
But more of reverence in us dwell,  
That mind and soul, according well,  
May make one music as before,  
But vaster."

As one scans the record now reviewed, its salient and impressive feature is the intense solemnity of the entire proceedings, as if under the shadow of the "awful responsibility" that Mr. Bradford spoke of in giving the new pastor the right hand of fellowship. The participants took note of nothing outside of a limited group of Biblical texts; made no allusion to any human experience and no quotation from any literature other than the Biblical; suffered no tinge of natural humor or innocent fancy to light up the grey seriousness of those two hours. A record in my possession, made by a Connecticut justice of the peace in 1800, of \$1.68 collected from two youths "for a Breach of the Law in laughing in Meeting during divine Service," curiously illustrates the spirit of that time. Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress* is the classical type of that exaggerated other-worldliness, inherited from the Church of the middle ages, which regarded it as the Gospel minister's office "to lead men to heaven," as Dr. Austin expressed it, rather than, as we now read the New Testament, to persuade men to bring heaven into this world by living the eternal life to-day. Thus rigidly did the best men of that day keep apart the sacred and the secular, as the best men of this day do not. But we may be sure that the secular side came to its full right at last, when those solemnities were followed

by the noonday feast which Antrim hospitality had provided for all comers in a measure, we are told, considerably exceeding their appetites. It is on record that all houses in the parish for miles around were thrown open for hospitable entertainment. A stranger could not pass through the town without being politely compelled to enter somewhere. Attracted by the celebrity of the occasion many had come on business errands to buy and sell. Booths were set up where ardent spirits with other refreshments were vended. It was the greatest day that Antrim as yet had seen, and had no equal in the history of the town till the Centennial in 1877.

My grateful task is completed. As an adopted son of Antrim, I have lovingly endeavored to recall the spirit and the voices of honor in the past to honorable remembrance in the present, to recreate the first great and memorable scene in your history, to rekindle for one commemorative hour the sacred flame that glowed on this mountain altar a century ago. And now can I do better than to quote the prophetic words with which that altar was removed in 1826 to its adjacent site? In the "appropriate farewell sermon" which the town had voted to request of its pastor at that removal he expressed, I am sure, not only his own feelings, but those of the entire town when he said: "This spot consecrated by so many sacred associations will long retain a peculiar interest. Unborn generations will remember it as having once been holy ground. Tradition will hand down something of its history to those who shall live in this place after the very name of each of us shall have been totally forgotten. Pointing to this eminence they will say: There stood the first house of prayer erected in this place; there our fathers worshiped; in yonder burying-ground sleeps their dust; and though no business may call the traveler here, yet a contemplative spirit will invite now and then an individual in future generations to ascend this hill, to examine the mouldering monuments of the dead, and to indulge imagination in recalling the scenes of an age then past and gone."

To-day has this prophecy been notably fulfilled—not for the last time, we are sure—and that in a degree far exceeding the words of the self-effacing speaker. Does it not forcibly appeal to you, men and women of Antrim, to resolve that it shall continue to be fulfilled while Antrim stands? Not

merely on rare memorial days like this, but as often as the old town attracts the feet of its distant children or of strangers. It is a true saying that the spirit of a town is reflected in the condition of its cemeteries. Our eyes to-day see proof that the desolate neglect in which I long ago saw this hallowed ground, which till 1828 was the town's only cemetery, will never fall upon it in the future. Here lies the dust of those to whose toil and privation in the early days the town owes its existence. Here among many unmarked graves lie the victims of the great plague of spotted fever in 1812, when forty died in two months, and three and four funeral processions in one day ascended this hill. Here, too, for forty-one years stood the shrine of that strenuous religion in which our ancestors labored and worshiped, lived and died. Well and praiseworthy it is that the site of Antrim's first house of worship has been marked, while yet the very few survive who can identify it, by yon massive memorial stone with its inscription in enduring bronze. Can any commemoration of this centennial anniversary be so worthful for you and your posterity as earnest culture of that historic spirit to which every memorial of an honorable past is precious? This day's observances, I am certain, have confirmed your purpose to preserve forever in the comeliness and honor befitting God's Acre this place of the forefathers' holy worship and mortal rest.

After the address the National hymn, "My country, 't is of thee," was sung, and the benediction by Dr. James M. Whiton concluded the services. Some amateur photographing followed. The old burial ground adjacent attracted some visitors, especially the grave of Mrs. Dorothy Whiton, Dr. Whiton's mother, interred there in 1826, just before the abandonment of the old Meeting-House.

## EVENING

By request of the people at Antrim Center an evening service was held in the Congregational church erected there since the removal of the Presbyterian church to the South Village. An audience gathered from all parts of the town filled the house. The Rev. Orlando M. Lord, formerly the acting pastor, presided, assisted by the Rev. Alba M. Markey, of the Methodist Church. Miss Marion D. Paine and Miss Marie L. Richards supplied the music, the former at the organ, the latter with the violin.

The address by Dr. James M. Whiton was in continuation of the thoughts suggested by the day. It was given without notes, and no reporter was present. Only a summary outline of it from fresh memory can therefore be given here:

After introductory remarks expressing the satisfaction with which he congratulated Antrim Center on the erection of a commodious and architecturally attractive edifice where there still seemed to be need of a house of worship, the speaker continued as follows:

1. An extraordinary expansion of the Republic has gone forward during the century. The continent has been occupied from the Alleghanies to the Pacific. Forty-six States in 1908 look back upon the seventeen in 1808, and boast a twelve-fold increase of population. The United States has become a great world power in place of an infant nation on the verge of its war with the mother country for commercial independence. And this expansion has been not only in extent, but quite as much in efficiency. How great the change wrought by the industrial revolution, through the advent of steam and electricity to multiply all productive power, and to bring the four quarters of the globe into daily touch with each other for a mutual benefit in which we are rich participants!

2. Equally significant is the contemporaneous invigoration of the primitive Christian interest in missionary enterprise. The century is notable for the spread of missionaries from Western lands over the face of the earth, to fulfill the great commission of Christ to "disciple all the nations."



The churches, schools, colleges, printing-presses, and hospitals already planted throughout the non-Christian world have expanded more like our own Republic than any thing else in this century of memorable growths. As this applies a test to the National spirit, so does that test the Christian spirit by the measure of responsiveness shown to the demand upon it.

3. It is an interesting reflection that the event commemorated to-day influenced the life of this town by the conjunction of the same two elements whose cooperation largely shaped the development of the Nation—the Scotch-Irish, and the New England Puritan. Comparatively few of the Scotch-Irish settled north of New York; the majority went southward, and these contributed to the winning of National independence a share which present-day historians reckon as of equal importance with the part borne by New Englanders. Here in Antrim we see the same combination—the young pastor a representative of the Massachusetts Puritan, and the people representative of the Scotch Covenanter—a combination as congenial and as fruitful of good in its small field as in the large.

4. The change in the mutual relation of church and town since 1808, when the town meeting was practically also the church meeting, has not been wholly for good, good and necessary as it became when other churches arose. Losing the former broad interest in the affairs of the community, the several churches have everywhere tended toward the character of clubs—that is, of organizations in the interest mainly of their members. It can hardly be doubted that this has been a loss to broadly social interests throughout the land. It needs to be laid to heart by all Christian people, that the church best serves itself which best serves the community. Every social interest—good sanitation, good roads, good schools, clean and unselfish politics, enforcement of law—is an interest of the Kingdom of God, and is for the church to care for. Many a church that is struggling to live needs to see that only by manifesting a religious life broad enough to include all social interests it can commend itself to the sympathy of the whole community.

5. The men of 1808, whose utterances have been reviewed to-day, supremely insisted on religious obligation to strive for the moral excellence enjoined by Christ. This was also

the lesson inculcated by the life of the good pastor they ordained here, and this is the life-long note of distinctively Christian morality. Here we find the vital value of to-day's commemoration. If what some say, that the churches have lost the allegiance and leadership of the multitude, be true at all, there is but one way to regain it—fidelity to Jesus' demand for a dynamic moral life, passion for the progressive righteousness that God requires. To rest content with conformity to the current imperfect standard of moral respectability is the mark of the pagan and the Pharisee, of the irreligious worldling and of the merely nominal Christian. The mark of the real Christian is that he hungers and thirsts after the righteousness of God both in private life and in social law and usage, till Christ's work of salvation be complete in the doing of God's will on earth as in heaven. The roads of God all run up hill, and he who ceases to become better ceases to be good.

A hymn was sung, the benediction was given by the Rev. O. M. Lord, and about nine o'clock the services of this memorable day came to an end.





DR. AND MRS. JOHN MILTON WHITON  
FROM A DAGUERRETYPE. SOMEWHAT WORN.

## FAMILY MEETING.

On Monday morning, August 17, a family meeting assembled in the parlors of the Hon. Nathan C. Jameson, courteously offered for convenient privacy.

Twenty-three of the eighty-four living members of Dr. Whiton's family were in attendance upon the commemorative services. They were: Mrs. Jennie Hartshorn Whiton, of Concord, N. H., widow of Mr. John Milton Whiton, the youngest child of Dr. Whiton; the Rev. Dr. James Morris Whiton, Miss Mary Bartlett Whiton, of New York, and Howard Whiton, of Brooklyn, a great-great-grandson; Mrs. Charlotte Whiton Calkins, wife of Rev. Dr. Wolcott Calkins of Newton, Mass., with Miss Mary Whiton Calkins, Professor in Wellesley College, and Mr. Grosvenor Calkins, of Boston; Mr. John Milton Whiton and Mrs. Adeline Prichard Whiton of Plainfield, N. J.; the Rev. Dr. Charles H. Richards, of New York, with Misses Helen, Dorothy, and Marie Louise Richards; Mrs. Abbie Richards Woodbury, wife of Rev. Dr. Frank P. Woodbury, Professor in Howard University, Washington, D. C., with Miss Margaret Woodbury; Miss Mary Ella Duncan, of New Rochelle, N. Y., Mrs. Katharine Duncan Paine, widow of Mr. Edward S. Paine, with Miss Marion Duncan Paine, and Mr. Horace Whiton Paine, of New York; Mrs. Helen Whiton Woodworth, widow of Mr. Edward B. Woodworth, of Concord, N. H., with Miss Helen Frances Woodworth; Mrs. Abbie Morris Whiton Thompson, wife of Mr. Willis D. Thompson, of Concord, N. H.; Miss Miriam Foster Choate, of Greenwich, Conn.; and Miss Catherine Emily Smith, of Boston.

Mr. John M. Whiton presided, and Mr. Grosvenor Calkins served as Secretary. Informal discussion led up to unanimous agreement in matters of common interest.

Provision was made for the perpetual care of Dr. Whiton's lot in Maplewood Cemetery, Mr. John M. Whiton offering to have it regraded and put in good condition for such care.

The members of Mrs. Calkins's family offered to care for the grave in the old hill-top cemetery, where Dr. Whiton's mother, Dorothy Crosby Whiton, was interred in 1826, and to have the marble head-stone set in a substantial base.

The preparation of a printed record of the proceedings of August 16th for the historical value of the same, and for permanent preservation, was also determined.

Mrs. Katharine Duncan Paine read interesting extracts from her grandmother Whiton's record, relating her early experiences in Antrim. For this see Appendix.

Dr. Richards read a letter of greeting from Mrs. Helen Morris Richards Herrick of Constantinople, wife of the Rev. Dr. George F. Herrick, missionary of the American Board in Turkey since 1859, giving some reminiscences of her visits to her grandparents. Extracts will be found in the Appendix.

Dr. James M. Whiton exhibited some manuscript sermons from the old Antrim pulpit, reading a brief extract; also the manuscript of an elaborate argument made by the Antrim pastor against the repeal of the Missouri Compromise by the Kansas-Nebraska Bill in 1854. Some choice specimens of Dr. Whiton's sermons in manuscript have since been deposited in the Antrim Library.

Other reminiscences, more or less fragmentary, were contributed by several.

A genealogical table of the descendants of Dr. and Mrs. Whiton had been prepared by Dr. Richards in anticipation of the anniversary, and he now presented it for incorporation into the record. It is given in the Appendix.

A resolution of thanks to the town of Antrim, the town Committee, the Session of the Presbyterian Church, and to Antrim friends was then unanimously adopted. For this see Appendix. The sentiments of this formal resolution were also expressed in personal notes to individuals by various members of the family.

Prayer was then offered by Dr. James M. Whiton, the family all standing, as was their grandfather's custom at the household altar, and all joining in the Lord's Prayer at the close. The circle then joined hands and sang "Auld Lang Syne." Adjourning, all repaired to the veranda of Maplehurst Inn, where Mr. E. D. Putnam, of Antrim, photographed the united households.

## APPENDIX

### I.

#### THE CALL OF THE TOWN OF ANTRIM TO JOHN MILTON WHITON TO BECOME THEIR MINISTER.

The Church and Congregation of the Town of Antrim being on sufficient ground well satisfied with the Ministereal qualifications of you John Milton Whiton and having good hopes from our past experiance of your labours that your Ministration in the Gospel will be profitable to our spiritual Interest—Do earnestly Call and invite you to take the Pastural charge in this Church and Congregation promising you in the discharge of your duty all proper suport encouragement and obedience in the LORD and that you may be free from wordly cares and avocations We hereby promise and oblige ourselves to pay the sum of four Hundred and fifty dollars in regular Yearly payments during the time of your being and continuing to be our regular stated pastor—Also five hundred dollars settlement payable in eight months after Ordination Said sum to be your own without reserve provided you continue to be our stated pastor twenty years—should you be dismissed from your ministrad office in said Town within that time it is expected you will return or pay to the selectmen for the time being twenty five dollars for each year you may be deficient of Said term—except in the cases of sickness or death. In testimony whereof we being a Committe appointed by said Town to prepare sign and present this Call to you in their behalf have hereunto respectively subscribed our names this sixteenth day of June one Thousand eight hundred and eight.

Isaac Cochran  
Jon<sup>a</sup> Nesmith  
James Wallace  
James Hopkins  
Isaac Baldwin

## II.

### LETTER OF DISMISSION TO THE CHURCH IN ANTRIM GIVEN BY THE CHURCH IN WINCHENDON TO JOHN M. WHITON.

The

Church of Christ in Winchendon to the Church of  
Christ in Antrim, Sendeth Greeting. Dearly Beloved.

Whereas our brother John M. Whiton a member of this Church, and in regular and good standing, has expressed his desire to have his relation transferred to the Presbyterian Church in Antrim: at a meeting of the Church on the 22d inst. Voted unanimously to comply with his request; and do recommend him as one who adorned his christian profession while with us, to your holy fellowship and communion. And upon his being received into your fellowship, we shall consider him as dismissed from our watch and care. Brethren, receive him in the Lord as becometh saints.

Hoping that you may long enjoy the faithful labours of your Pastor elect to the conviction and conversion of sinners, to the comfort and edification of saints and to the building up of Zion, We wish grace mercy and peace to you through our common Lord and Saviour—and asking a remembrance in your prayer we subscribe ourselves your brethren in the faith and fellowship of the gospel.

Levi Pilsberry, Pastor.

Winchendon Sept. 3d, 1808.

To the Moderator to be communicated.

## III.

### EXTRACTS FROM MRS. WHITON'S SKETCH OF HER LIFE.

“My father, [James Morris, of Litchfield South Farms, now the town of Morris, Connecticut] habitually attended Commencement (at Yale) for the purpose of obtaining assistants in his school. Mr. Whiton was obtained, for the year 1805, and boarded in father's family. There our acquaintance commenced. In Oct. 1808, the 18th of the month, we were married in the morning, and set off for Antrim, accompanied







### THE FAMILY HOME

THE L PORTION, NOW SLIGHTLY ALTERED IN ROOF AND PORCH, WAS THE COTTAGE  
OCCUPIED IN 1808

THE MAIN BUILDING, WITH SIDE WALLS OF BRICK, WAS ERECTED FOUR OR FIVE YEARS LATER

by father and mother, and three carriages filled with friends, who rode with us about five miles, and then gave us the parting hand.

“At the close of the third day, we arrived at father Whiton’s in Winchendon. There we spent a week, and on Friday of the second week we left in a chaise for Antrim, some inches of snow having fallen Thursday night, yet not deemed sufficient to start on a journey in a sleigh. The day was cold, the snow flew, in short, it was a tempestuous day. We called and took dinner at Dr. Payson’s in Rindge, and being completely refreshed and warmed, we proceeded on our journey, and arrived at Prescott’s in East Jaffrey about sunset, having travelled but eleven miles that day. The next day, the wind had ceased, the weather milder, the snow wasting, and by the time we reached Antrim, it was about all gone. The roads were bad, unfit for a chaise; one hill in Peterboro where the wheels passed over stones, and hardly seemed to touch the ground.

“We reached Antrim before night. The first person to whom I was introduced was good old Dea. Aiken, who was standing at the brow of the hill near his house. He seemed very glad to see his minister, and not unwilling to see me. The South Village at that time was small, houses low, but three or four two-storey houses in it. One of the number was Esq. Hopkins’, where Dow now lives. There we boarded six weeks. Mrs. Hopkins was a lovely woman, to whom I became much attached. She might well be considered one of the salt of the earth.

“On the fifth of December, we went to our house, expecting our goods from Winchendon. Found the workmen in it, and the rooms full of shavings. The ground was bare, and very much frozen. I rode up behind Mr. Whiton. Mrs. Hopkins put us up provisions to last a day or two, which was quite a help to us, as our goods did not arrive till the night of the 6th, Hope, my negro girl, came on the load. It seemed as though I never should have got settled without her help. Esq. Hopkins accompanied us to our house, and unpacked my crockery and things that came from Boston, and found about five dollars’ worth of crockery broken. Mrs. Hopkins, our good hostess, had put up for us bread, butter, pork, etc., and when night came, our goods had not arrived, but supper must be got.

"I set out a new washform for a table, broiled some pork, made a cup of tea, spread my table with the best I had, and thus partook our first meal—not alone, however. A man who had been at work getting the house ready for our reception took supper with us. At 9 o'clock we walked up to Stephen Paige's and asked for lodging. They gave us a good bed, and in the morning a good breakfast of fricasseed chicken. I then took a hemlock broom, and went down to sweep my house. At night our beds came, but not in sufficient season to set up a bedstead. I fixed a bed on the floor for Mr. Wilder, the teamster, and laid our bed on the floor in the chamber, where I could look through the crevices in the roof and see the stars.

"I found people kind, and ready to minister to our wants when we commenced house-keeping. They were a friendly and intelligent people, warm in their friendship, and, it was said, bitter in their prejudices. *This* I could not say from experience, but my trials commenced. I was a minister's wife, the first that had ever resided in the town. Of course, I was a mark to be shot at. Every minute action was noticed and remarked upon. Some thought I was too dressy: I wore white, and prints, while the dress of my neighbors was of home manufacture. One remarked, I "'was a mighty lady, but she would'nt knuckle'" to me. However, I had my share of comfort and respect, and by keeping a straight forward course, endeavoring to treat all with courtesy, left a great many friends when we left Antrim. Having spent the greater part of my life there, that town is dearer to me than any other, and I there expect to find, ere long, my last resting place."

#### IV.

FROM MRS. HELEN MORRIS RICHARDS HERRICK

"Warm greetings from the foreign member of the clan, whose home has been, for nearly half of the century under review, in Turkey.

“It would indeed be a rare privilege to meet you face to face to-day, on the very spot where our devoted ancestor began his long and faithful ministry, covering a period of fifty years, with the beloved life-companion who shared not only in the strenuous toil and privations of those early years of pioneer work, in that scattered parish, but who was preeminently a home-maker, the ever self-sacrificing and loving wife and mother, beautifying the simple, modest home by her rare wisdom and tact, her unwearied industry, her ability to make out of most slender materials the tasteful and comfortable abode of a happy and united household, where love reigned. Here grew up and passed out to useful and happy homes of their own their six children; here, too, was freely dispensed during all those years a most gracious hospitality, such as is not demanded of the minister’s family in our day.

Among the earliest of my purely personal memories of that dearly loved home in Antrim, is that of a pilgrimage thither, with my mother and a baby brother, when I was only eight years old. We went by stage, a great event in my young life, and the visit was made memorable for me by my first(?) sight of a “real live” foreign missionary, Mrs. Spalding,\* who with her husband was one of the pioneer workers in Ceylon, and spent a long and useful life there. Meeting me in my grandmother Whiton’s parlor, she selected me to illustrate the method of native dress in that distant island, and proceeded to envelop me in many folds of unbleached cotton cloth, until I felt myself transformed into an Indian girl, and it was a proud moment to me to serve as model to the venerable lady who, as I have since had reason to believe, sowed the first seeds in my infant mind of a long, long interest in foreign missions.

“Dear Grandfather Whiton! We who knew him can never forget the broad forehead and genial face—clean shaven—the kindly blue eyes which looked out from under the shaggy eyebrows, the firm mouth which was strong in repose, and was kind and pleasant in every utterance, whether of admonition, of wisdom, or of sympathy. His words, in private and in public, were the expression of a large and loving charity. With all his rare and sanctified common sense, he had a genuine

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\*Mrs. Spalding was then visiting her Antrim home on furlough from her foreign field. Her maiden name, Mary Christie, was given by Mrs. Whiton to her youngest daughter.

and ready wit, and sense of humor, which every one of his children inherited.

“Dear Grandmother Whiton! What an example she was to her kindred and friends, of quiet endurance in bearing the burdens of life with a modicum of strength, even to extreme old age! Meeting the sorrows and misfortunes of life with a fortitude born of her faith in God’s love, she seemed to breathe an atmosphere of serenity and peace not of this world, and from my last meeting with her in 1861, before I sailed for Turkey, I carried with me a lasting impression of the sweetness and patience of her dear face.

“And now, may God grant to each one of us who remain a large portion of their spirit of faithful continuance in well-doing, and a joyful reunion with them when he shall call us home.”

## V.

### ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

New York, August 20, 1908.

Morris E. Nay, Esq., Town Clerk.

Antrim, N. H.

Dear Sir:

At the Whiton family re-union, I was directed to send you a copy of the following resolution:

“The descendants of Rev. John M. Whiton, in family meeting assembled in Antrim, August 17th, 1908, wish to express their cordial thanks to the Town of Antrim, to the Town Committee, to the Session of the Presbyterian Church, and to the friends in Antrim for their warm welcome to the Whiton family, and for the generous hospitality extended.”

In sending to the town a copy of this resolution, will you also allow me to express my personal appreciation of the welcome extended to us in Antrim. We were, many of us, brought up in New Hampshire: in Plymouth, Meriden, Concord and Antrim, and as we saw again the mountains of the old Granite State, we felt we were coming home. The warmth of your welcome extended to us, both officially and personally, has made it seem doubly so, the pleasant memory of which will long remain.

With the best wishes, I am,

Very sincerely yours,

(signed) John M. Whiton.

## VI

### GENEALOGICAL RECORD.

\*Rev. John Milton Whiton, D. D., son of \*Dr. Israel Whiton of Winchendon, Mass., married \*Abby Morris, daughter of \*Captain James Morris of Litchfield, Conn., October 18, 1808: residence, Antrim, N. H.

Their children:

I. \*James Morris, \*Elizabeth Dorothy, \*Helen Dorothy, \*Abby Morris, \*Mary Christie, and \*John Milton, Jr.

I. \*James Morris Whiton, A. M., married \*Mary Elizabeth Knowlton: residence, Boston, Mass.

Their children:

II. James Morris, Mary Elizabeth, Charlotte Grosvenor, \*Lucy Wellington, John Milton, \*Miriam Blagden, \*Grace Richards.

II. Rev. James Morris Whiton, Ph. D., married Mary Eliza Bartlett: residence, New York.

Their children:

III. \*James Morris, Mary Bartlett, James Bartlett, Helen Isabel.

II. Mary Elizabeth Whiton married \*Charles Francis Washburn: residence, Worcester, Mass.

Their children:

III. Charles Grinfill, \*James Morris Whiton, \*Philip, Miriam, Robert Morris, Henry Bradford, Reginald, Arthur.

II. Charlotte Grosvenor Whiton married Rev. Wolcott Calkins, D. D.: residence, Newton, Mass.

Their children:

III. Mary Whiton, \*Maud, Leighton, Raymond, Grosvenor.

II. John Milton Whiton married (1) \*Mary Eliza Bond: residence, Plainfield, N. J.

Their children:

III. Nella Bond, Mary Knowlton.

Married (2) Adeline Prichard Newton.

II. \*Miriam Blagden Whiton married Henry Beach Opdyke: residence, New York.

Their children:

III. Henry, Howard, Agnes.

II. \*Grace Richards Whiton married Rev. Washington Choate, D.D.: residence, New York.

Their children:

III. Miriam Foster, \*Margaret Knowlton, Helen Ashurst.

III. James Bartlett Whiton married Eleanor Howard: residence, Brooklyn, N. Y.

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\* Deceased.

I. Children of Rev. Dr. John M. and Abby Morris Whiton.

II. Grandchildren of Rev. Dr. John M. and Abby Morris Whiton.

III. Great-grandchildren of Rev. Dr. John M. and Abby Morris Whiton.

IV. Great-great-grandchildren of Rev. Dr. John M. and Abby Morris Whiton.

Their children:

IV. Howard, James Bartlett, Jr.

III. Hon. Charles Grinfill Washburn married Caroline Slater: residence, Worcester, Mass.

Their children:

IV. \*Elizabeth, Slater, \*Charles Francis, Philip, Esther.

III. Rev. Philip Washburn married Miriam Storrs: residence, Colorado Springs, Col.

Their children:

IV. \*Mary, Miriam Storrs, Ruth Wendell, Eleanor Phillips, \*Margaret.

III. Rev. Henry Bradford Washburn married Edith Hall Colgate: residence, Cambridge, Mass.

III. Reginald Washburn married Dorcas Bradford: residence, Worcester, Mass.

Their children:

IV. Dorcas, Phoebe.

III. Leighton Calkins married Nella Bond Whiton: residence, Plainfield, N. J.

Their children:

IV. Wolcott, \*Mary Bond, Dorothy.

III. Rev. Raymond Calkins, D. D., married Emily Blackwell Lathrop: residence, Portland, Me.

III. Mary Knowlton Whiton married James Abbott Hutchinson: residence, Lynn, Mass.

Their children:

IV. James Abbott, Jr., John Milton.

I. \*Elizabeth Dorothy Whiton married \*Rev. Josiah Ballard: residence, New Ipswich, N. H., Plympton and Carlisle, Mass.

Their children:

II. Edward Otis, \*Catherine Elizabeth.

II. Edward Otis Ballard married (1) \*Lauretta Sophia Thayer Yates: residence, New York.

Their children:

III. \*Herbert Edward, \*Clarence Eugene, Ettie Elizabeth. Married (2) Katherine Agnes McConnellogue.

II. \*Catherine Elizabeth Ballard married \*Emory Bottsford Smith: residence, Boston, Mass.

Their children:

III. Walton Ballard, Bertha Leland, \*Ethel, Catherine Emily.

III. Ettie Elizabeth Ballard married Eddy Benjamin Swett, M. D.: residence, Grasmere, N. H.

Their children:

IV. Lauretta Lucy, Benjamin Donald, Dorothy Ballard, Margaret Agnes, Mary Elizabeth.

III. Walton Ballard Smith married Edith Hoffnagle: residence, Attleboro, Mass.

Their children:

IV. Lila Melinda, Catherine Lucy, \*John Emory, Kenneth Maxwell.



III. Bertha Leland Smith married Carl Smith: residence, Attleboro, Mass.

I. \*Helen Dorothy Whiton married \*Cyrus S. Richards, LL. D.: residence, Meriden, N. H.

Their children:

II. Helen Morris, Charles Herbert, Abbie Louise, \*James Morris, \*Frederick Whiton, William Evarts.

II. Helen Morris Richards married Rev. George F. Herrick, D. D.: residence, Constantinople, Turkey.

Their children:

III. Frederick Morris, \*George Richards, Marion Tyler, \*Helen Whiton, \*Abbie Stephenson.

II. Rev. Charles Herbert Richards, D. D., married Marie McCall Miner: residence, Montclair, N. J.

Their children:

III. Paul Stanley, \*Charles Miner, Helen Dorothy, Marie Louise, \*Mildred Whiton, Gladys Lyman.

II. Abbie Louise Richards married Rev. Frank P. Woodbury, D. D.: residence, Washington, D. C.

Their children:

III. \*Clara, \*Helen, Alice, \*Frank Richards, Abbie, Mary, Margaret.

II. William Evarts Richards, residence, New York, married (1) \*Ella Barnes, (2) Josephine G. McIlvaine.

Child of W. E. and Josephine G. Richards:

III. Percival Cecil Evarts.

III. \*Clara Woodbury married William R. Holbrook: residence, Minneapolis, Minn.

Their child:

IV. \*Clara Alison.

III. Abbie Woodbury married Dr. John Langdon Hawes: residence, New York.

Their children:

IV. John Langdon, Jr., Francis Woodbury.

III. Alice Woodbury married Rossiter Howard: residence, Paris, France.

Their child:

IV. Elizabeth.

I. \*Abby Morris Whiton married \*Charles P. Whittemore: residence, Bennington, N. H.

I. \*Mary Christie Whiton married (1) \*George Christie Duncan: residence, Antrim, N. H.

Their children:

II. Mary Ella, Katharine Allen, \*George Milton.  
Married (2) \*John Milton Taylor.

II. Katharine Allen Duncan married \*Edward S. Paine: residence, Boston, Mass.

Their children:

III. Marion Duncan, Elizabeth Everts, Horace Whiton.

III. Elizabeth Everts Paine married Frederick L. Collins: residence,  
New Rochelle, N. Y.

Their child:

IV. Barbara.

I. \*John Milton Whiton, Jr., married (1) \*Fidelia Wilson: residence,  
Warren and Stoddard, N. H., Boston, Mass., and Moodus, Conn.

Their children:

II. \*Henry Albin, \*John Milton, Helen Maria, \*Frank H., Mary  
Fidelia.

Married (2) \*Mary Jane Hartshorn.

Their children:

II. \*George Morris, Abbie Morris.

II. \*John Milton Whiton, Jr., married \*Carrie S. Bradley: residence,  
Seattle, Wash.

Their child:

III. Morris.

II. Helen Maria Whiton married \*Edward Baker Woodworth: resi-  
dence, Concord, N. H.

Their children:

III. John Whiton, Helen Frances.

II. Abbie Morris Whiton married Willis Duer Thompson: residence,  
Concord, N. H.

Their children:

III. Raymond Whiton, Willis Duer, Jr.

III. Morris Whiton married Norah C. Guilliford: residence, Seattle,  
Wash.

















